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‘Why, why this hurry to be gone,  
‘When all my bliss depends on thee ?  
‘Dear do not drive so madly on,  
‘O stay one moment here with me.  
  
‘What, wilt thou go ?—then I’ll not stay,  
‘Thy car shall be my blest abode ;  
‘I’ll sing to cheer thy weary way,  
‘And scatter flow’rs along the road.’

Pleas’d with the sweetness of her song,  
Time took the Syren for his bride ;  
But ere a year had roll’d along,  
Disgust was born, and Pleasure died.

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[Selected.]

*The burial of Sir John Moore, who fell at the battle of Corunna,  
in Spain, in 1808.*

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,  
Not a soldier discharg’d his farewell shot,  
O’er the grave, where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gaz’d on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow’d his narrow bed,  
And smooth’d down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o’er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they’ll talk of the spirit that’s gone,  
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him,

But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant random gun,  
'That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,  
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.